Tamora. Farewell my ſonnes ſee that you make her ſure,
Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Adronicie* be made away:
Now will I hence to ſeeke my louely Moore,
And let my ſpleenefull ſonnes this Trull deflоure.

Enter Aron with two of Titus ſonnes.

Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothſome pit,
Where I eſpied the Panther faſt aſleepe.
Quintus. My ſight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Mart. And mine I promiſe you, were it not for ſhame,
Well could I leaue our ſport to ſleepe a while.
Quin. What art thou fallen? what ſubtile hole is this,
Whoſe mouth is couered with rude growing briers,
Vpon whoſe leaues are drops of new ſhed blood,
As freſh as morning s dew diſtild on flowers,
A very fatall place it ſeemes to me,
Speake brother haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?
Marti. Oh brother, with the diſmalſt obiect,
That euer eye with ſight made hart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely geſſe,
How theſe were they that made away his brother, *Exit*
Marti. Why doſt not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhollow and blood ſtained hole.
Quint. I am ſurpriſed with an vncouth feare,
A chilling ſweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart ſuſpects more then mine eie can ſee.
Mart. To proue thou haſt a true diuining hart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And ſee a fearefull ſight of blood and death.
Quint. *Aron* is gone, and my compaſſionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe:

Oh

Oh tell me how it is, for nere til
Was I a child, to feare I know n
Martius. Lord *Baſsianus* lies
All on a heape like to a ſlaught
In this deteſted darke blood d
Quintus. If it be darke how d
Martius. Vpon his bloody fi
A precious ring, that lightens
Which like a taper in ſome mo
Doth ſhine vpon the dead ma
And ſhewes the ragged intraile
So pale did ſhine the Moone o
When he by night lay bath'd i
O brother helpe me with thy fa
If feare hath made thee faint, as
Out of this fell deuouring rece
As hateful as *Oetus* miſtie mo
Quin. Reach me thy hand, th
Or wanting ſtrength to doe the
I may be pluckt into the ſwallo
Of this deepe pit, poore *Baſsian*
I haue no ſtrength to pluck the
Martius. Nor I no ſtrength t
Quin. Thy hand once more,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I b
Thou canſt not come to me, I c

Enter the Emperour, A

Satur. Along with me, Ile ſe
And what he is that now is leapt
Say, who art thou that lately di
Into this gaping hollow of the e
Martius. The vnhappie ſonn
Brought hither in a moſt vnluck

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